EPISTLE TO MR. ALEXANDER POPE, we Wits Immertal more to fear or hope? its toil and travail round the Plant of fame eir Works its Garden, and its Growth Such. Pope, has been thy Fortune, such t

Doom.
Swift the Ghouls gathered at the Poet's Tomb;
With Dust of Notes to clog each lordly Line,
Warburton, Warton, Croker, Bowles, combin
Collecting Cackte, Johnson condescends
To interview the Drudges of your Friends.
Biographers, un-Bowell-like, have sneered,
And Dunces edit him whom Dunces feared. They say, what say they? Not in vain You; To tell you what they say, behold my Task? "Methinks already I your tenrs curvey." As I repeat "the horrid things they say." lomes El-n first; I fancy you'll agree Not frenzied Dennis smote so fell as he; For El-n's Introduction, crabbed and dry Like Churchill's Cudzel's marked with Lic.

**Too dull to know what his own System meant, Pops yet was skilled new Treasons to invent; A Snake that puffed hinself and stung h Friends. tied so frequent, for such little Ends; and, like Flesh inflamed was raw and see still, the more he writhed, he stung t

more:

Off in a quarrel, never in the Right.
His spirit sank when he was called to fight.
Pope, in the darkness mining like a Mole.
Forged on Himself, as from himself he stole.
And what for Caryll once he feigned to feel.
Transferred, in Letters never sent, to Stoele!
Still he denied the Letters he had writ.
And still mistook Indecency for Wit.
His very Grammer, so De Quincey cries.
Detains the reader, and at times defies."
Fierce El-n thus: No Line escapes his Rage,
And furious Foot-notes growl 'neath every Page:
See St-ph-n next take up the woful Tale. See St-ph-n next take up the woful Tale, Prolong the Preaching and protract the Wall! "Some forage Falsehoods from the North and South.

But Pope, poor B—I, lied from Hand to Mouth:
Affected, hypocriticel, and vain.
A Book in breeches, and a Fop in Grain;
A Fox that found not the high Clusters sour.
The Fanfaron of Vice beyond his power,
Pope yet passessed"—(the Praise will make you

*Mean, morbid, vain, he get possessed a Hear And still we marvel at the Man, and still Admire his finish and applicath his skill; Though as that fabled Barque, a phantom Forr Eternal strains, nor rounds the Cape of Storm. ven so Pope strove, nor ever crossed the Line hat from the Noble separates the Fine!" The learned thus, and who can quite reply, Reverse the Judgment, and Retort the Lie? Lou Reap, in armed Hates that haunt your name Reap, what you sowed, the Pragon's Teeth, Reap what you sowed, the Bragon's reem of Fame.
You could not write, and to gnenvious Time.
Trust for the wreath that crowns the lofts Rhym.
You still must girlt, retreat, attack, defend,
And oft, to snatch a laurel, lose a Friend?
The Pity of it! And the changing Taste
tif changing Time leaves half your work a was!
My Childhood fled your couplet's clarion tone.
And sught for Homes in the Prose of Bohn.
Still through the dust of that dim Prose supel
The flight of arrows and the Sheen of Spears;

Where Wits, not heroes, prove their Skill And great Achilles Eloquence doth show As if no Cestaur trained him, but Bolious! Assin your verse is orderly—and more—"The waves behind impel the waves before;" Monotonously unistent they glide,
Till Couplet auto Couplet oath replied.
But turn to Homer: How his verses sweep! Surge answers Surge and Deep doth cell on Dee This Line in foam and thander issues forth. Sparred by the West or smitten by the North. The next with silvery marmar diss away. Like Tides that Inil to Calypso's Day!
Thus Time, with rorded Alchemy and dread. hus Time, with sorded Alchemy and dread, urns half the Glory of your toold to Lead:
hus Time -at Honeard a wreath that varily bitfas marred the port to properse the with
Who almost left on Auctions a stain.
Whose kuffe cut cleanest with a poisoned pain
est thou strauge Fate that clings to all of Thine!
When most a Wit does most a Poet shine.
In Postry thy Duncial expires.

HER LIFE RESTOREI

For two weeks I had been in a creol Fifth dollars a month I was of ered for my services, and, as I had no an acquaintance in the country, I glad That would bring me food two pupils, M. Rabut assured me, were well-behaved children. The girl was just filteen, already a young lady, and the ten-year-old boy was equally apt at a give five hours a day to teaching. The rest of my time was altogether my own, to be devoted to either work or sleep, a

well I remember it when I started out to walk to the great house where I was to earn my bread. As I walked on I b new land hold in reserve for me? not come to it with any idea of makin twenty-five. I had acquired comme when an old man, to return to Fraown village spire. Soon I caught sigh of the lofty chimney of the sugar-mil then the house itself, buried in a thic grove of mango trees, and, as I the veranda, alreadyjerowded, I saw peor no one noticed me as I ascended the fr steps except a big, fat negress, crouching at the entrance, who sobbed and crie at the entrance, who sobled and cree with renewed despair at my coming There on the sofa, at full length, lay young girl—almost a child. Her lon-bright hair, all streaming with water ell over the back of the sofa, and h bripped upon the veranda until a lit pool had formed upon the flags. Sh was whiter than a piece of marble; the violets of death were on her compress lips, her lifeless arms lay rigidly straig y her side, and M. Rabut, on his kne side her, was kissing one of her hand: drouwed," said a good old lady of abo sixty years of age, who came to me, hole immaginable. "But you have walke here," she continued; "you must b tired. Of course you will take som

"Mamma! Oh, mamma! exclaime M. Rabut, raising his head. "You see he said to me, with a sob, "you see, sh was out tathing: the river suddenly rese His head fell forward again over th little white hand to which his lip

gentleman. Or perhaps you would prefer Louestioned the tamily. The girl ha not been twenty minutes under water ely the whole kgao, And yet they had done nothing-had no even tried to do anythise. gave my orders briefly-they we They had taid her on her back. lifted her head so that it leaned sideway on the left. Her teeth were elenched How cold her lips seemed when I pressed any own upon them! The poor father senseless with grief, allowed us to do as we thought best, and the grandmothe walked hurriedly to and fro, busy, fass

dways calling Myrtil, and declaring breakfast will never be ready, and her Half an hour had passed. What! was not that a flush we saw mounting to the colorless cheeks? Oh, how fervent prayer he uttered that me And it seemed to me the arr I held had become less rigid. At th moment a horseman came up at fu

gallop.
"Myrtil! Myrtil take the doctor horse to the stable," cried the good lady descending the steps to meet the phys ian "Ah, deeter, I knew it! owwder could not do me any good. whole night, doctor, I was in pain. Al how bad I slept' The doctor came directly up.

"Good! young man!-very good, in-deed! That is just what should have "Come, come," he eried in a joyot

LITERARY FELLOWS

een for him - and his voice

"Don't fret any more, papa. I am only sorry about my locket. Do you think they will ever be able to find it."

The locket contained her mother

about fifty yards farther down. It was a

little box in it.

She opened the little box. "My locket! me !

Ah, yes, parbleau! I taught her hov

POLITICAL PERSONALS

VARIETIES.

A subta panic was started in Boston ti

minister, "do you think may woman would sent to be married on Friday?" "Yes," spok one of the ladies, "she would if it was he

THE California Medical Journal has it of

ording to the census of 1831, the number comen physicians was twenty-five. From 1885 881 eight had been placed in the lunatic asylu and at the end of last year three were under tre

WHAT CLOUDED HER YOUNG LIFE. Within the dimity lighted room

A over for its tapering ungers and its long a v. The French and Italian hand is long a table of close pressure, but the English acricum hand is the best knif, firmly set hal ericum hand is the best knif, firmly set hal

SHE WOULD MAKE A GOOD WIFE.

They sat in the library ateove,
And they gazed at the hundreds of books;
And they gazed in exchange for his sighings.
The suretest and shyest of looks.

Within the dimly lighted room
She sat and mused alone;
her brow was durk, and in her sen!
Had sorrow made its throne.
A deep, remarkeful vensivences
Was in her dreamy eyes
The sadment hat oppressed her heart
Breathed forth in dreamy sight,
The wos that clouded that young life,
At mora se bright and free.
Was six dayspessa here ling buns
That she consumed at tex.

Besses

He brought me close to her bed. Her dear blue eyes still had dark circles about them; but the blood was circu-Who Are Known to the English Speaking World by Their Works-A under the clear skin, for she Rare Galaxy of olushed at my approach.
"This is he, my Helene; if it hadn't

Poets, Novelists and Story Tellers Who Have the Ear of the Public and Are Popular.

It was barely daylight when I reached the river. The negro who had taken her out of the water had shown me the evening before the precise spot where the current had carried her away, and also the place where he had found her— shout lifer varies farther down. It was a Charles Foster Smith, in the South ivouac, writes on the new Southern lit erature, and says: Just those classes that were ignored in the consideration of what constituted the South before the war now form the picturesque part of our literagreat narrow basin, shut in by great jamroses, whose tufted branches met above and s retched from one bank to ure; they furnish material for studie and stories, for hasty sketches and longer novels, and we find in their lives the paand there upon the water like the reflection of molten lead: beyond the darkness was complete; it looked perfectly black there. bles! But breakfast would not be ready until 10 o'clock; I had plenty of time.

By 8 o'clock the bottom of the studies of these classes as are the North as Harris. And we ourselves are as much charmed by sketches and studies of these classes as are the North as Harris.

ion remained in my pocket. While they were laying the table that cratic spirit is gone, and the democratic has come? Is it a sign that our hearts vening I stole into the dining-room. are more open to the world, our sym-pathies more enlarged? And yet, though amid When her father had led her to her seat, and she unfolded her napkin, she found iterary interest centers just now on the "What is this? Another of your atower classes, there is fame in store for some Southerner who has the genius empts to spoil me, papa?"

But the astonished look of M. Rabut properly to see and gather up the ele-ments of the old higher life of the just have convinced her more than his South-to gather them now while some of that life still remains in reality and in "My locket! my locket!" she cried, utting it to her lips and kissing it over nd over again. I watched every kiss the memories of living men-and set them truly before the world, not to make a defense or an apology, but simply to tell the truth. But such an one must be I looked at her out of the corner of my eye. Finally her eyes met my own-he understood. But the little impe ious beauty didn't even say "Thank And the long and short of it is, dear sir, that I never gave Helene, who be-

st accept it, because a democratic age

nust find much to condemn in an aristo-ratic one. And we shall do for such a writer what New Orleans will yet do for -erect a monument to him aying the very things about life in New EVANSVILLE (Ind.) Courier: "Gre rleans for which it now condemns him.

M. Max O'Rell is a native of Brittany, and was born in 1847. He served with stinction for several years as an artil INDIAN COMMISSIONER WEISH of Phil ery officer in the French army, and was the Franco Prussian war, during which he was severely wounded. Coming to London in 1872 M. O'Rell soon obtained a mastership at St. Paul's School, where he remained for when, on his last speech day, his resignation was announced, proved him to be not only a most successful teacher, but reat favorite among his pupils, M) Rell has always had a most sa experience as a lecturer; indeed, he was well received at Torquay and Glasgow arly part of next year. Personally a cenial and polished man of the world, M.

YRell makes friends wherever he goes

Josh Billing 's Luck. In April, 1886), when Mr. Henry W Shaw (Josh Billings) made his will, he was able to insert in it the satisfactory tatement that his will was worth \$93,000 the market, and that there was not one enerally do not need to made wil s, and therwise that the public are called on keep a roof over the heads of their nilies. Mr. Shaw was one of the lucky men who drew prizes in the lettery where ere are 9990 blanks for one winning

Ella Wheeler-Wilcox. Although not otherwise of any spe ary Life, from the Elder Publishing ompany, Chicago, will be of peculiar nterest to Philadelphians and to thou-ands of the Times readers from the 'ypical American Genius," by "Em'ly," nown to social circles in this city as

'Em'ly" herself. Both articles are full of clear and honest admiration, very passion and her genius not as sensuous of Swinburne and the miniature-like delicacy of Rosetti, without the gross indecency of Whitman." # * "Arlent, poetic faculty and dauntless courige have lifted her out of conventional rut and beyond rule," the latter part of which will probably bear recasting. And after describing our Em ly as one of the youngest well known American writers, the editor of Literary Life says: abyssmal dapths, now soaring in the em-pyrean of space, urged by the restless-fires of feeling and impulse," which, of

day evening, represented other sections of the State, including Lewiston. Folks were disappointed in him as an orator. In the first place, he read his lecture and in that way lost half his force, and n the next place he is not a dramatic eader. He is not to be compared with our Baccher or Phillips Brooks as a plat-form speaker. All who have heard him, nowever, unite in admiring his superlative intellect and the purity and inten-

Boston Anthors Henry James was born in New York Aldrich was born in Portsmouth, N. H.

ing more was heard of him. It is probable that Conway, then one of his most intimate friends, continued to communicate with him, and thereby gained a course, the easiest part; hence the facility with which the historian's peu does ate with him, and thereby gained a leeper insight in a character destined afterward to be so widely known. Con-way, who was an invalid from childhood, was devotedly fond of mathematics. The working out of difficult problems occu-pied a large part of the time which could not be given to more active pursuits.

As the novelists of the day receiv more attention from readers than labor-ers in any other branch of literature. heir working idnosynerasies are propor tionately better known. W. D. How-ells is so fond of writing about himself, however, that he leaves nothing for oth-ers to tell. It is not so with Mr. James. Whatever else may be said against the author of the "Portrait of a Lady," it cannot be truthfully asserted that he is conceited. If he takes pride in his works is a feeling far removed from literary

Cable Composing. George W. Cable is said to be the mos bsorbed of literary workers. He really ects his dialogues while writing them orancing about the room, addressing in

ng love to and denouncing the creatures of his imagination. air also, when the sort of weather permitted. His study was a rude hermit's cell amid the splendid apartments of Abbotsford. Thackeray could write better in a railroad train than in his troom. He said that the bustle and noise made him feel that he was in the world in which his characters were moving. Charlotte Bronte never felt in the mood for working unless she was in the rown little dark chamber imbedded air also, when the sort of weather permiter own little dark chamber imbedded in the gloomy hills about her native town. Fielding liked to write behind rampart of half-filled wine bottler Richardson was food-but heigh-ho! ell the truth. But such an one all as a satirist and humorist as well as a we peer backward any further into the panegyrist—before the war he dared world of letters, we will be wondering world of letters, we will be wondering air as well as perfectly fearless. We hall not like at first many things he will son composing his learned tragedies in hall not like at first many things he will son composing his learned tragedies in ay, as witness Mr. Cable's experience full stage attire and Lord Bacon unable ith the Creoles, but he must say them to carry on his inductive investigations of the carry on his inductive investigations outside of a box-like room impregnated muation as well as praise, we shall at small room to concentrate his thoughts

and the smell of the decaying apples to keep down luxuriant verbiage. Mark Twain's Partner. W. W. Wright, who was a reporter on the Virginia City Enterprise at the same time that Mark Twain worked on that aper, ranks among Western journalists ot attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers' in the days of heir pilgrimage." His nom de plume "Dan De Quille.

Mrs. Burnett, the Novelist. Mrs. Frances Hodeson Barnett, the says a correspondent of th hiladelphia Times, on the other hand. s an example of a mind evolving ideas nd figures, obediently penning them without regard to external circumer intellectual work under such unavorable conditions as Goethe, who dur-ng the bombardment of Verdun, was so im that he could give his mind unreervedly to a scientific consideration of ne phenomena of colors; or Geoffrey St ilaire, who wrote regalarly in the midst of the besieged city of Alexandria; or Archimedee of old, absorbed in the her, prattling and their innocent pranks, with the customary noisy accompaniments. The children not only do not disturb her, but she even finds a pleasant relief in an occasional word with them or in watching their childish movefact that it contains a very characteristic article on Ella Wheeler-Wilcox, as "A adhere to one kind of paper through even one work. It is said that nearly every installment of "Through One Administration," her last novel in the Cen tury Mag raine, was written on sheets of different sizes and texture. A dull penbrightly expressed, and of a kind that, to say the least, must be flattering to the ladies concerned. After picturing her friend as a "bizarre woman, exhaling an atmosphere of rosy warmth " standing in her peerless bloom " with a head of classic contour " her worth origins in a law and the same of the sam wouth crimson in color and quivering in muline. Mrs. Wolf defines Ella's poems look from the clever novelist. They against discouragement. It is quite nat have supposed, but as soul-full and love-full in the deepest and grandest sense of the soul. "She has all the sensuousness of Swinburge and determination from the sight of Swinburge and the sensuousness of the products of past successful la-

Like Mr. Cable, says the Book Buyer Mr. Stoddard writes with great regula clock in the morning, and seldom rise until 4 in the afternoon. Occasionally he will add an hour or two to one day's labor, and cuts this time off of the next. He is an ardent believer, probably unlike "She is a star that pulsates in the most other writers, in night-work heaven of the soul, now exploring the Speaking from a forty-years experience t is his opinion that what is written i the seclusion and silence of his study at fires of feeling and impulse, which, or course, is the Western way of saying that tion, is apt to be better than what is Mrs. Wolf is a bright and clever woman written during the daytime and under the favorable circumstances. When A Maine Estimate of archdeacon Farrar
The Lewiston (Me.) Journal says of
Canon Farrar, who lectured but once in
that State—in Portland, and the audience which heard him there, last Mondue evening represented after against the slightest aveiteness. When
writing upon literary topics he thinks
1000 or 1200 words a good day's work.
He always abides by his first draft,
makes few corrections, and never allows
himself to write earelessly or when under

Stockton. Mr. Stockton has attained to the high same sentence with Thackery by an edito rial writer in 'The London Daily News.
"He has shown," writes the English-man, "in 'Rudder Grange,' and in 'The Transferred Ghost, very great powers, and a pleasant dry kind of Amoutillado flavor in his fun, which somewhat reminds one of Thackeray—the Thackeray of the 'Bedford-row Con-piracy,' and of 'A Little Dinner at Timmins's. Mr. Aldrich was born in Portsmouth, N. H., and lived for years in New York, where a little too rich in the humors and expe-

its work. "Uncle Remns." Mr. Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, who is visiting New York, in an interview with a Mail and Express reporter, gave the following acoped "Uncle Remus:"
"Uncle Remus," our other humorous
writer, was a freekled-faced, red-headed

printer's devil in a country office. He

was the consummation of homeliness and

very small in stature. He could

reach up to the case to set type, and had to elevate himself on a box. Now and then a quaint piece of humor would appear in the paper. It was finally discovered by the editor that the little devil, Harris, was the author, and instead of writing it just set it was finally discovered. are as much charmed by sketches and until 10 o'clock; I had plenty of time.

By 8 o'clock the bottom of the basin had no mysteries for me. There was not a single cannon that I had not disc cannon that I had not compelled to cannon that I had not disc cannon that I had not compelled to cannon that I had not disk cannon that I had not compelled to the had to cannon that I had not compelled to the had to cannon that I had not compelled to the had to cannon that I had not compelled to the had to cannon that I had not compelled to the had to cannon that I had not disk the had to cannon that I had not disk the had to cannon that I had not disk the had to cannon that I had not disk the had to cannon that I had not disk the had to cannon that I had not disk the had to cannon that I had not disk the had had to cannon t long rides he took over the Scottish David Douglas remits him 8600 a year moors. He wrote them in the open for publishing his negro stories in book

> In the volume of Greville memoirs ust published, may be found the follow-og about Thomas Babington Macaulay: It is not true, as some say, that there nothing original in it, but certainly by far the greater part is the mere outpour-ing of memory. Subjects are tapped, and the current flows without stopping. Wonderful as it is, it is certainly op-pressive after a time, and his departure is rather a relief than otherwise. Dun-das, who is very agreeable and well in-formed, said to-day that he was a bore; out that he is not. It certainly must be rather oppressive after a certain time, and would be intolerable, if it was not altogether free from conceit, vanity and arrogance-unassuming, and the real enuine gushing out of overflowing stores of knowledge treasured up in his mind. We walked together a long time the day

Helen Jackson, "H. H. Mrs. Jackson, originally Helen Fiske, was the daughter of Prof. N. W. Fiske of Amherst College, and married, while juite young, Maj. E. B. Hunt of the cated in 1863 by a submarine battery of his own invention. Several children had died previously. Till then she had done practically no literary work, but she regard to external circum-She may not be able to perform Electual work under such un-laced and the second street who dur-banker of Denver, Col., and her pen has dene much to illustrate that region. Her travels therein brought her in contact with Indian life, and what she saw and heard developed a passionate enthusiasu winter of hard work in New York, writing the Century of Dishonor, which caused her to be put upon a government commission to examine and report on the mathematical problems while a hostile soldiery was ransacking his house. She and considered it the crowning glory of can at least write without being annoyed her life. She was badly injured by acci-by juvenile noises, which to most brain-dent in Southern California not long ago, workers are more trying than even the cannon's roar. Her work is usually done in the breakfast room, with her children less of cancer of the stomach. Her fareplaying well to the readers of her poems contains ith the a prophecy that she would die in the sum-

ness of cancer of the stomach. Her faremer. The was of retiring disposition, but impulsive, whole-hearted, self-reiant, daring and cenerous. Like most people of strong feelings, she was quick o form prejudices, often by jumping to hasty conclusions, and not always easy to lisabuse of them, though she meant to be just. Her haste to embody her feel-ings in action sometimes resulted in graings in action sometimes resulted in gratuitous offensiveness. Her nature was essentially a poetic one, and her poems will, we believe, far outlive all her other work: they were spontaneous in impulse yet wrought with minute care in form and detail and many of them instantly gained and tenaciously keep a hold on the popular heart. Meditativeness and mysticism were prominent features. money. Gen. McClellan's father was money. Gen. McClellan's father was mysticism were prominent features. Her prose work is unvaryingly poetic in spirit and motive, and and prose in form alone; travel sketches, fiction, social and historical essays, are all refracted through the prism of a sen-all refracted through the prism of the late Lord Clyde.

The stolid face of Grant searcely moved as the took out primarily feelings of taste, and which was incapable of seeing objects in dry light. But for this very reason they are inexhaustibly delightful. Her travel sketches are perfect art galleries or muscums—sometimes also botanical gardens and tedium—picturesque, sympathetic, full of nice observation and entertaining comment. Her historical articles like Father Junipero, with her Century

Macade's diagrams and figures, remarked quietly: "Press him over there." He wife of Peter McClellan, a well-known schoolmaster of Islay, Argyleshire, Scotland to this country about 1800 and settled in Philadelphia. A few days before they left Scotland their two daughters were taken sick with measles and had to be left behind. They did not follow their parents, but married and settled in Islay. A son, George, was born to Peter McClellan, a well-known schoolmaster of Islay, Argyleshire, Scotland to the Confederate line where the condition of the laboring and poorer lasses occupies much of his time and thought only of bringing up reinforcements, and had never dreamed of obviating his difficulties by a counter movement. The movement would necessitate a back-ward movement on the part of their forces that were pressing Meade. The latter had thought only of bringing up reinforcements, and had never dreamed of obviating his difficulties by a counter movement. The did selected with his motion the weak-est point in the Confederate line where the approximation of the laboring and poorer lasses occupies much of his time and thoughts, and he has set a noble example to all land-owners by facilitating the sale of land to laborers on his own estates. The left behind. They did not follow their parents, but married and selected with his motion the weak-est point in the Confederate line where the parents were the approximation of the laboring and poorer lasses occupies much of their forces that were pressing Meade. The latter had thought only of bringing up for latter had thought only of principles. The parents had selected with his motion the weak-e

Archbishop Tait's Cenotoph.

The New York Tribmne notices, with evident satisfaction, that in his recent admirable paper, "The Twilight of the Poets," Mr. Stedman refrains from any estimate of the poet Gilder. The accomplished critic comments upon all the other recognized auxiliary voices of our American choir, but touching Mr. Gilder he simply observes: "Of Mr. Gilder I cannot speak here." Mr. Stedman was writing in The Century, of which Mr. Gilder is the editor, and the former's silence in regard to the latter is only explainable on the presumption that the editor declined to allow a reference to himself to appear in The Century brokes of the suggestion, and agreed to write a few words explainable on the presumption and agreed to write a few words explainable on the presumption and agreed to write a few words explainable on the presumption and agreed to write a few words explainable on the presumption and agreed to write a few words explainable on the presumption and agreed to write a few words explainable on the presumption and agreed to write a few words explainable on the presumption and agreed to write a few words explainable on the presumption and agreed to write a few words explainable on the presumption and agreed to write a few words explainable on the presumption that the editor declined to allow a reference to himself to appear in The Century of the suggestion, and agreed to write a few words explainable on the policical freiods. He was the political reporter on a morning newspaper in this city, and made such good use of his oppounds. He was the political reporter on a morning newspaper in this city, and made such good use of his oppounds. He was the political freiods that he was nominated by the united Democracy. He is a strong political friends that he was nominated by the united Democracy. He is a strong political friends that he was nominated by the united Democracy. He was nominated by the united Democracy of the susception of the cruty. Since his election he has done nothing but try to get off Harper's, and in one of the recent install-ments introduces himself-Mr. Howells, the novelist. "This is deliciously mysteries," said Mrs.

All the most of the most of the control of the cont

GREAT PEOPLE

In Whom the World Has an Interest The Public Estimate of Them as It Is

eclared by the Press and by Their Contemporaries-Interesting Gems from Current History.

The necrology of the week contain

mme. O'Connell. The latter, of Prussian origin, married a Belgian gentleman and eame to live in Paris in 1845. The stand of writing it just set it up in type. In the true quality of the humor attracted the Savannah News, and he was employed by that paper, and thee by the Constitution, where he is now. When the went to work on the latter paper "Old Si" was the fanny writer. He was "off" and was unable to contribute his usual stuff. We put Harris to writing for him, and not to hurt Mr. Small's feelings he took the name of "Uncle Remus." Small's humor was of a political and local nature; Harris delate with the negro folk lore. Remus. Small's humor was of a political and local nature; Harris delate with the negro folk lore. The received offers to write stories for magazines and periodicals. The latter, and sillustrated by Abbey and published in Harper's Christmas. The price paid for it was \$490. A funny incident occurred to the banker. Laffitte, and sillustrated by Abbey and published in the Marquise de Galifett, was \$490. A funny incident occurred for the shouth the illustrations. Now, Harris is ease to New York to talk to Mr. Abbey and published in the one of the famous beauties of the court of the shout the illustrations. Now, Harris is ease to New York to talk to Mr. Abbey and published in the one of the famous beauties of the court of the study in the most connection with this story. Harris is ease to New York to talk to Mr. Abbey and published in the months were standed to the court of the study of the humor manner of the proper of the famous beauties of the court of the study of the humor delated to the court of the proper of the famous beauties of the court of the famous beauties of the court of the proper of the famous beauties of the court of the proper of the famous beauties of the court of the proper of the famous beauties of the court of the proper of the famous beauties of the court of the proper of the famous beauties of the court of the proper of the famous beauties of the court of the famous beauti d'Erlanger, from whom she was divorced after a short time. In 1869 she married M. Cordier, a rich gentleman of Tours. wanted to see about his overcoat, rushed off to Desbrosses street ferry and started tall, elegant, blonde, with dark eyes and les trente six coups. In short, she lost all self-respect, sank lower and lower, became a sort of bric-a-brac dealer, and finally took to morphine. She died last

Very few of the admirers of Franz liszt are probably aware, says the 4merian Register, that nearly thirty years ago be had the title of nobility as well as that the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. Still he has never made use of them nor that of "Hofrath," given him by the Prince Hohenzollera-Hechingen, having contented himself with the distinction of "Doctor Philosophize," received from the University of Kongsburg—an honor he shared with men like Bessel, Lobeck, Voight, Jacobi, Rosenkranz and others, and of which he was proud. His numerous decorations—the oldest of which merous decorations—the oldest of which the Prussian order pour le merite, he received as early as 1842-he only wear on the rare occasions on which he appears

Gen. Phil. Sheridan thought that Gen. McClellan should have had a mili-tary funeral. He said that the absence of either sword or flag from the coffin made him feel that "Little Mac" was not getting a soldier's deserts. I under-stand that the funeral was in accordance with Gen. McClellan's wishes. A reminiscence of 1864 was recalled to me b a remark of Sheridan. He said: " ought in the valley to whip McClellar and to elect Lincoln, which is the nearest I ever came to participating in poli-tics." It was Sheridan's victory over Early that turned the tide in the presidential election of that year, which had been setting in lavor of McClellan up to that time

McCfellan and Clyde.

In February, 1868, when the question Gen. McClellan's going as American Ke Father Junipero, with her Century A son, George, was born to Peter Me Dishonor, are unimpeachable as to Clellan after he arrived in this country, facts, exceedingly effective and valuable as popular presentations of not well-known subjects, and much more useful than if she had counterfeited a judicial impartiality which was foreign to her

Archbishop Tait's Cenotoph, ence to himself to appear in The Century because he was its contributing a novel to Harper's, and in one of the recent install-Accordingly, before the tomb was finally closed, a bottle was deposited therein

to be invested for the support of the widow and child of his former captain. Ward's next venture was a commercia one to Vera Cruz. It proved unsuccessful and he was then sent by me to the west coast of Mexico to buy a lot of brass y cannon which had been condemned. He the names of two women who were very famous in their day, Mme. Cordier and Mme. O'Connell. The latter, of Prussian origin, married a Belgian gentleman and came to live in Paris in 1845. The husband was a celebrated swordsman, and was mixed up in one canacity or and was mixed up in one canacity or it.

of Napoleon III. "I'une des plus jolies fleurs de l'ete imperial," as Vici-Castel calls her in his venomous memoirs. Mile. Laffitte was first married to Baron d'Erlauger, from whom she was divorced after a short time. In 1809 she merrial and a subject of the Emperor. Once he defer a short time. In 1809 she merrial and a subject of the English and French have veterans to deal with. McClellan after a short time. In 1869 she married M. Cordier, a rich gentleman of Tours. She was then twenty six years of age, tall, elegant, blonde, with dark eyes and a stamp of supreme chic. During the war her husband died, and after the Commune Mine. Cordier returned to Paris and began to live in a curious manner, which the French would euphe mistically describe by the phrase, "Faire eareer. He ordered three gunboats built have veterans to deal with. McClellan took command just when the army was demoralized by the Bull Run defeat, and he had to be cautious. It was, as Gen. Fitz John Porter had said just the other day. The men were in that condition when all that was necessary to put them to flight was to touch off a pack of fire-crackers. McClellan could not throw his most successful and brilliant military carried. n America, which were to go up the Pekin river and the canal, and fly his

Pekin river and the canal, and hy ms
Mandarin flag before the gates of Pekin.
I was building the boats for him when
he was killed. He was the most powerful man in China, and, had he lived, I
believe he had the genius and the daring
the have made himself absolute master of finally took to morphine. She died last finally took to morphine to the finally took to morphine to the first and the first of the proud beauty who used to be problemed fairest of the fair among the claimed fairest of the fair among the to have made himself absolute master of the Chinese Empire. When our civil the chinese Empire. When our civil the chinese Empire is the chinese to me: 'My heart the chinese the court of the chinese war broke out he wrote to me: 'My heart is with my native land in her struggle pointed to commend the Clellan was appointed to commend the commend the commend the commend that commend the commend the commend that against rebellion. Were I free I would return at once to offer my life and my posing himself in a reconnoissance before he had the title of nobility as well as that of Chamberlain conferred upon him by the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. Still he has never made use of them nor that of "Hofrath," given him by the Prince Hohenzollera-Hechingen, having contented himself with the distinction of "Doctor Philosophise," received from the University of Kongsburg—an honor that the time of his death. Though he never received a liberal education he was one of the best informed to get everything ready and all the chances in his favor before fighting—to build up his line of battle as he would a fortification of thirty-seven, at the time of his death. Though he never received a liberal education he was one of the best informed to get everything ready and all the chances in his favor before fighting—to build up his line of battle as he would a fortification of thirty-seven at the time of his death. Though he never received a liberal education he was one of the best informed to get everything ready and all the chances in his favor before fighting—to build up his favor before fighting—to b men I ever saw, a constant student, a didn't want to take any chances.' good linguist and a great reader of books

Grant and McClellan. The recent stories about Grant and McClellan have been swinging around the circle with delightful inaccuracy. paper, ranks among Western journalists as the leading authority on mines and mining. It is said that he can write anything from a theological leader to a tunny column, but in spite, of this fact he is still a Bohemian, carning but a scanty livelihood with his pen. Perhaps the secret of that lies in this tact, which he recently expressed to a friend in this quotation: Few and evil have the days of the years of the year Boston business man once had occasion to call upon him, and was shown into his study. On the entrance of Mr. Brooks his hight and overpowering largeness quite overcame his caller, who was something of a wag. With no waste of words the eleganteem of the country of the country experience ne could get from McClellan such a place, and make money by supplying Camp Dennison with bread alone. But his cousin had no faith in Lys" as a business manager, and refused to go in. While visiting and personnel of a wag. With no waste of sistently trying to persude somebody the clark of the country of something of a wag. With no waste of words the clergyman went directly to the business in hand. Hardly had he started, however, when his caller put his hand beside his mouth and laughingly called out, "Wait one moment, sir, I alway insist on a platform of equality," upon which he leaped into a chair and retained his station during the entire interview.—Boston Traveller.

"Phil." Sheridan on "Liftle Mac."

"Phil." Sheridan on "Liftle Mac."

Gen. Phil. Sheridan the waste of a day of the was about to refuse the commission. Anyhow, guided by blind fate, he went back to Galena. When he saw a company of men coming down the saw a company of men coming down the saw a company of men coming down the moved forward, the Confederates kept when they fell back toward Richmond, and McClellan was enticed into the Seven Days' battle, which resulted in his defeat and retreat. He was a sked at the time of the official inquiry into his conduct if he did not receive information that Gen. Magruder was playing a game with him. Gen. McClellan said a man named Bowden, living in Williamsburg, a lawyer of ability, but not of good personal standsaw a company of men coming down the street in straggling disorder, like a flash formation as to Magruder's weakness:

army, when he told me of a characteristic his grace of manner is irresistible; I throws himself entirely into the matter.

district in which he was elected by an overwhelming majority. He is barely five feet tall, and weighs about 100 pounds. He was the political reporter on a morning newspaper in this city, and

States Senator Stanford of California has begun the distribution of his enormous fortune, which at the death of his only child and heir he promised should

the hero of Khartoum commands my deep admiration. Ward was born in Salem, Mass., and when he was a boy went to sea with his father, who was a shipmaster. When the Crimean war broke out young Ward enlisted in the French army and became a sub-licutenant. Unfortunately he became involved in a quarrel with his captain, and resigning his commission, he challenged that officer to a duel. The challenged that officer to a duel. The challenge was accepted and Ward killed the captain. Years after, when fortune smiled on him, Ward sent a large sum of money to Paris to be invested for the support of the Van Viiet and McClellan

"I just heard a little while ago of Gen McClallan's death," said Gen. Van Vliet to a Washington Star reporter. "I went at once to the War Department, and learned there that it was true—that he had died during the night of heart disease. I was greatly surprised. I saw him in New York just the other day, and have veterans to deal with. McClellan Two Opinions of McClellan

It is a matter of history that the Vir ginia convention of 1861 sent for Gen. Lee in secret session, and asked him whom he considered the ablest militar man the Federalists possessed. He un at once to offer my life and my to my country, but my work is He was killed while rashly ex"McClellan was a great engineer. That was his misfortune. The engineers who conflict men must take chances, and sometimes desperate ones. McClella

How Magruder Deceived McClellan. The main army of the Confederat ais former knowledge came to him, and but on inquiry he found Bowden's char-he at once became captain. This story e told to his cousin, Julge Ashburn, in startling news he brought. Batavia, years afterward, while he was

Count Vasili has only favorable words or the Prince of Wales: "The Prince Gen. Daniel Butterfield, who was chief of staff to Gen. Meade at Gettys-burg, during the late war, is a short first place, and no one could fill it better, nd well-built gentleman, with a head with a more charming presence or a more and well-built gentleman, with a head like that of Napoleon Bonaparte, and an iron-gray mustache that would have delighted a grenadier of France. I was chatting with him, says "Gath," the other day about the peculiarities of men with whom he had come in contact in the army, when he told me of a characteristic that for the moment occupies his attenof Petersburg. Meade was always get ting a seare. He came to Grant one day tion, and makes each favored person with whom he sneaks believe that he is an obwith a piece of paper in his hand on whom he speaks believe that he is an obgerm of an agrarian revolution. The Prince has the good taste never to say, 'When I am King,' but 'if ever I am The smallest man in the Congress that is soon to assemble in Washington is Truman A. Merriman. He represents a district in which he was elected by an overwhelming majority. He is barely five feet tall, and weighs about 100

compassion for the unfortunate, her ready generosity, are truly admirable Cardinal Manning. Cardinal Mauning is the very dream of Cardinal Manning is the very dream of emaciation physically and of zeal mentally. His face is more than gaudt; it is spectral in its thinness. The ridge of cheek bone from ear to eye stands out like a finger laid upon the flesh. The hollows about the drawn, thin-lipped mouth are cavernous. The deep, weird eyes look out from caveros. The upper forehead bulges as if it would force apart the tight stretched skin. It is a face which the painter would seek for utmost which the painter would seek for utmost impressiveness of effect in a deathbed scene But the cardinal is doing more hard work this year, his seventy-seventh. Chicago Herald: Ex-Gov. and United than he ever did before

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